

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, October 20, 1804.

[WHOLE No. 107]

INJURED DAUGHTER.

IN

THREE ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER III.

MISS CLIFFORD TO MRS. PARKINSON,

LATE MISS BALFOUR.

(Continued from page 10.)

"MY dear girl, he replied, Heaven knows with what pleasure I would make you my wife, were there not unexpected obstacles that have lately arisen. My mother, my beloved, is a proud imperious woman."

"Enough, Sir," said I, interrupting him, "you need not rack your thoughts, or vilify the best of mothers, for excuses for your conduct; I am sensible of my error in having once entertained the vain idea of being honorably your's, and pardon me, Sir, if I say, that, tho' conscious of the inequality of our fortunes, I acknowledge myself unworthy the honor of your hand, I will never stoop to any action which shall make me unworthy your regard—let me only be ranked among your friends, and, Oh, Edward, for Heaven's sake, deprive me not of the power to deserve that character."

In this manner I argued some time, at length, pretending to be convinced of the guilt of his intended design, he swore, if I would only remain in his house that night, he would in the morning, convey me to any place, any friend I should mention.

"Be pacified my Harriet, your rest shall not be disturbed—depend upon my honor—I will not commit any action that shall render me unworthy your love and esteem."

My mind was in some degree calmed by these assurances, and I consented to partake of his supper, drank one glass of wine, and then desired to retire. A female servant was desired to show me my apartment; I entered it with a heavy heart, a thousand fears rushing like a torrent on my mind. Once I was almost tempted to endeavor to draw the woman that attended to undress me, over to my interest, but her looks were forbidding, and I feared to propose an escape, lest, in being detected, I should irritate Le Sage, and by that means facilitate my own ruin.

I refused to undress, but desiring the woman to leave the candle, I bolted the door, and having wept myself weary, I threw myself on the bed, and was just falling into a dose when I was disturbed by a rustling at my chamber door, and presently a gentle tap caused me to start from the bed, and listen attentively,

when a female voice thus addressed me.

"I am afraid, dear Miss, you are unacquainted with the cruel plot that is laid for your ruin, but, believe me, 'tis never intended that you shall leave this house till you consent to become the mistress of Mr. Le Sage. If you do not voluntarily consent, force and stratagem will be put in practice."

"Oh, Heavens, said I, if virtue is acceptable in thy sight, teach me, guide me to escape the snares of my enemies."

"Spend not your time in supplications, Miss, said the woman, but if you wish to escape the ruin that awaits you, I will set you free from this house, and go with you to an inn, where you may take the stage either to town or where you may think proper. The family are all in bed, and you cannot be missed till morning, when you will be out of the reach of pursuit."

"Thou art surely a guardian angel," said I, unlocking the door, "and Heaven will reward you for thus saving an unfortunate creature from what she fears more than death."

I followed her softly down stairs, and from thence into the garden, where a back gate opened into the fields. I had scarcely sat my foot out side the gate, when a man put a pistol to my breast,

and demanded my money, at the same instant my companion caught hold of my arm, and exclaimed, "Heaven save us! we are in the hands of robbers." Just then another man discharged a pistol at us—I shrieked and fell senseless to the earth.

When I recovered from the state of insensibility to which terror had reduced me, I found myself in the arms of a person whom I soon discovered to be Mr. Le Sage—He bore me to the house from whence I had just escaped, and after leading me to my chamber, began to reproach me for the little dependence I had on his honor.

"Why, Harriet, said he, would you tempt the dangers of the night, and venture, without a protector, to wander out at that late hour, like a Princess of yore, in search of adventures; and a sad adventure it would have proved to you had you got farther from the house before those ruffians attacked you, but I heard the discharge of the pistol, and the shrieks of the woman, and without suspecting who was in danger, I rushed out instinctively, and saved my adored Harriet."

At the close of this speech, he pressed me in his arms. Oh! Madam, how shall I tell you, that gratitude for the deliverance I had just experienced, mingled with the affection I before felt in my bosom towards my deliverer, facilitated the ruin which, but an hour before, I was so eager to shun. I will not attempt to describe the poignant anguish of my feelings, when the rising morning restored my reflection, they only can judge of them who, conscious of the value of innocence, awake to the horrid certainty of having forfeited for ever that peace and serenity which innocence alone can bestow: But judge how those feeling were augmented, when, by accident, I discovered that the servant who aided my escape, was incited to it by Le Sage, and the fright I afterwards underwent was a scheme planned entirely by this cruel man, in order to render the overflowings of a grateful heart subservient to the worst of purposes. I saw my ruin was now complete, my reputation was blasted, my peace of mind was gone for ever, yet I vented not my sorrow in violent complaints or reproaches on my undoer; it preyed like a canker-worm on

my heart, silent but not on that account less insupportable.

I will not intrude on your patience by describing the first meeting between my mother and myself after this shocking night—My heart was torn with contending passion. While I considered her as my mother, I longed to throw myself into her arms, to pour my tears upon her bosom, and tell her all the anguish of my soul—but when I recollected that she had been accessory to the ruin I lamented, my bosom swelled with indignation and horror. Le Sage used every argument in his power, added to the most attentive tenderness to urge me to submit quietly to my situation, but to this I should never have consented, had I not discovered that I was likely to give to the world a pledge of my unfortunate connection. The recollection that Le Sage was the father of this unborn innocent, and my own inability to provide for its subsistence or education should it live, induced me to listen to the intreaties of my lover, and the persuasions of my mother, and accept a settlement, which though it has secured me from the galling sting of poverty, has planted in my breast the scorpion stings of remorse and conscious guilt.

"Oh, my dear Madam, would the unthinking youthful part of my sex reflect but a moment on the horrors of a situation like mine, how few would rush voluntarily into it—sooner, much sooner, would they embrace poverty in its most horrid shape, the most laborious employ would be pleasure, the coarsest fare delicious, and the hardest bed prove a bed of ease, if innocence lightened the toil, sweetened the homely meal, and strewed her roses on the coarse hard pillow.

Oh, ye virtuous happy women, did ye but know the unutterable pangs that attend a life of guilty love, you would turn your looks of indignation to those of gentle pity, and with a tear of Heavenly compassion soften the anguish of our bleeding hearts. You, Madam, I know will pity my errors, and sometimes in your prayers remember the lost unhappy

HARRIET CLIFFORD."

THE GREAT DEVIL.

TROUBLESOME times produce great men and great criminals. Among the latter, none has inspired, for these last ten years, more fear in Italy than the famous brigand known by the name of "*Grand Diabolo*," or, "Great Devil." Any person incurring his hatred was certain to perish.

He has dispatched magistrates, surrounded by pleaders and guards; he has murdered husbands by the side of their wives, and in the midst of their families: and he has stabbed officers in the line with their comrades and soldiers. Blood, and not plunder, was his principal passion. Alike generous and revengeful, humane and cruel, what he took from the rich he distributed among the poor; but no sooner did he hear of an unjust and oppressive act, than the name of the oppressor was inscribed on his list of proscriptions. He was neither fond of gold nor of wine, nor of women.

He had made for himself a code of right and wrong, which he followed on all occasions. He restored several times plunder, when he heard the plundered was near being ruined by his loss, and he allowed several pensions to widows and orphans, whose husbands or parents he found out to be innocent, after he had put them to death.—

The band of brigands under his command amounted to one thousand two hundred, dispersed in the Alps and in the Appenine: but he was only personally known to twelve inferior chiefs, who under the pain of death, were forced to execute his orders within twenty four hours.

He was convicted of having killed 176 persons, either alone or in company with other brigands, though he denied having destroyed more than 26 individuals. His first victim was Padre Francisco, a priest, who abused his mistress's confidence in the confessional, to debauch her; and his last was the advocate Retro, whom he suspected of having sold the liberty and independence of his country, Genoa. The one he stabbed before the altar in the Magdalen Chapel; the latter he strangled in his study in the senate house. He never murdered any females; and persons of the other sex under twenty and above

sixty were always respected by him. On the 17th of May he was executed, and showed on this trying occasion an uncommon firmness. From the prison to the place of execution, he kept the step with his escort as if he had belonged to their battalion. He would not suffer any bandage for his eyes. He called out to the gens d'armes who were to shoot him, *Courage Comrades!* and he died in asking of God forgiveness for his *mistaken notions*, not for his crimes.

His body was buried in the usual place for criminals, but it was dug up in the night and in its place was interred the body of Signor Sebastiano, who had decided as a Judge for his death. These facts prove that his band has survived its chief.

MISCHIEF OF LAUGHTER AND BENEFIT OF TEARS.

THE late ingenuous Dr. Parsons, in his "Human Physiognomy explained," mentions two very singular instances of the bad effects of tickling children; and these instances ought to be generally known, that the persons to whose care children are committed, may be deterred from endeavoring to make them laugh by violent titillation. The following are the passages alluded to in the above-mentioned volume:

"Here it will not be unseasonable to mention an extraordinary circumstance, and the bad effects of which I saw more than once, which regards laughing. A person playing with a child, tickled him in the sides very much, and seeing him at first pleased with it, continued it, ignorantly, till the poor child grew black in the face, was convulsive all over, and had respiration so impeded by it, that he was short breathed as long as he lived, and had a fixed pain under his right breast for several years. It was remarkable, that after a little time, when he grew tired with laughing in earnest, he still continued a noise like laughing, when his face grew livid, without a due consent of the muscles, and it became the *Riens Sardinicus*, a convulsion, like to laughter, said to be produced by a plant in Sardinia. Others ascribe to it another origin, and say that the Sardinians used to sacrifice their prisoners to it, and that they laughed to show

their fortitude at their deaths. It is reported also, that the Sardinians laugh when they intend mischief to others.

"Another fine child grew ill, from being provoked to laugh inordinately in the same manner, and dwindled and wasted away to skin and bones in less than a year."

It is necessary to add here what the above-named sagacious anatomist observes in another part of his book; he there tells us that it is common to see laughter, when it is vehement, produce a flow of tears.

"Tears also, (says he) are often forced from their recess by nature, to express an overflowing joy. When the joy is received too suddenly, it amounts to a shock, whereby the blood is driven at the first onset with greater violence to the extremities, and in a greater quantity than can be time enough brought back to the heart; whence it remains too long contracted before the *vena cava* can supply blood enough to force the *auricles* and *ventricles* open again, whilst in the mean time, the head is loaded with too great a quantity, and the person in danger of an apoplexy, or sudden death.

"In such a surprise as this mentioned, tears have another noble use, for by flowing plentifully, the lives of many have been saved, for they lessen the bulk of humors, and gain time for the more happy return of the mass to its natural circulation. Thus, in vehement grief too, shedding of tears in plenty is known to ease the anxiety usually attending it."

Though Dr. Parsons has spoken in favor of cheerfulness, he has said little in favor of laughing, except only the benefit which it accidentally produces by tears. But may it not be questioned, whether if any hypocondriac grown person can be tickled, (as I verily believe he or she may) without danger, the convulsion or agitation of the body and muscles may not operate to some salutiferous purpose, and even if they, as the Dr. admits, produce tears.

FLATTERY.

(From the Trenton Federalist.)

WHEN reflecting on the pernicious consequences of flattery in

society, I almost wondered it is not banished from the polite and elegant circles of genteel life, rather than cherished with so much cordiality.—For to every modest, sensible mind, the conceited compliments of unmeaning gallantry, must be embarrassing and unpleasant. They naturally excite distrust, and occasion a reserve on our part, which not only precludes the refined pleasure of disinterested friendship, but destroys the happy effects of easy, unaffected conversation, that, uninfluenced by passion, has no other objects than information and amusement. Why then do men flatter women? Because, forsooth, they would gain our affections thereby; either to gratify their inordinate vanity or to make themselves our masters. Now, this, in my opinion, is like coquetry, is wanton cruelty, and must ever be productive of private misery. The little foolish inflated, imaginary "Angel," descending into the humble department of domestic wife, cannot feel superlatively happy on finding herself a mere mortal, subject to the tyrannical will of man, I say tyrannical, because the wretch who basely flatters himself into power seldom fails to abuse it.

Adulation is not requisite to gain the favor of a virtuous woman. If the lover be sincere, and possess a soul congenial with hers, his merit and a thousand little delicate attentions, that would be no way inconvenient to carry through life, will sufficiently plead his own cause, without his ever appearing, what she must despise, and he, in his heart, abhor—a whining hypocrite or a fawning slave. The fallacious arts used by mankind may delude the vain, and surprize the unwary: but on the wise and prudent, I trust they will have a different effect.

I am one of those on whom nature has been parsimonious of personal attractions; nor can I boast of superior mental endowments; yet valuing myself on the rectitude of my intentions, I always love praise, when conscious of deserving it. 'Tis a tribute I receive with gratitude from my friends and family. But when Strephon tells me, abruptly, I am "pretty," I feel injured and confounded at his low estimate of my understanding—Disconcerted and unfurnished with a proper reply, the fear, that my silence will be imputed to a wrong cause, increase my confu-

sion: Nor is it diminished, when Alexis, who never saw me perform half a dozen good actions in his life, assures me I am "the best Girl in the world." I strongly suspect his sincerity, or feel hurt at the oblique reflection he casts on my sex, whose honor it is mine to defend, with a zeal disproportioned to my strength. Let men cease to adore women for those evanescent charms that fade before the meridian of our day, and allowing us a rational fellowship, we will become more studious to acquire wisdom and virtue, deathless beauties that bloom forever, and excite new adirations to eternity.

SONORA.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly colored the portrait may appear it is not, we hope without a living original.—

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments of filial piety, of conjugal love, of maternal tenderness, of order peace, sweet sleep and good health.—Economical and studious, she prevents want, and dissipates the evil passions; the indigent who present themselves at her door are never repulsed; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her loved; of prudence and firmness, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illumine all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her counsel; happy the domestics who wait her commands and enjoy her benevolence; and happy the society which holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

CURIOUS SERMON.

(From the Columbian Magazine.)

"AND Rachel said unto Jacob, give me children, or else I die, and Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel." Genesis xxx.—Part of the 1st and 2d verses.

From these words, my brethren, I shall beg leave to make a few observations, which may tend to unfold some new ideas of the female character.

The first remark that occurs, is the unreasonableness and folly of Rachel's request to her husband. She asks for children as the condition of her life. "Give me children, says she, or else I die." Ah! weak and inconsiderate woman!—Little didst thou know the dreadful connection that was established in the book of fate, between thy death and the birth of children. But Heaven often curses human folly, by answering its prayers. Rachel's desires for an increase of her family are gratified, but alas! Rachel knows only a short lived joy from this event. She dies in child-bed with her second son.—Her lovely boy drops from her breast.—His smiling infancy, and prattling child-hood afford her no pleasure—for Rachel's remains have descended into the grave, and mixed with the clods of the valley.

A second remark that is suggested by the words of my text, is, that upon certain occasions, anger is a necessary passion, and that it may be exercised, with peculiar propriety, by husbands, when the folly of their wives requires it, Jacob was a man of uncommon dignity of character.—He was wise, prudent, and religious—and yet Jacob was angry. He was a fond and indulgent husband—and yet he was angry at his wife. For we read, that the anger of Jacob was kindled against Rachel. But let us examine a little further, and enquire in what manner Jacob discovers and gives vent to his anger. Does he stamp upon the floor, and call his wife by any improper names?—No. Does he drag her across the floor by the hair of her head, or threaten to throw her behind the fire?—No. Does he pinch her—or kick her—or beat her with his fist?—No,—for Jacob was a brave man, and never disgraced his character as a soldier by striking a woman. He rebukes his wife by reasoning with her.

"Am I (says he) in God's stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb?"

Learn hence, ye husbands, from the example of Jacob, to treat your wives, as reasonable creatures.—In this way only, you will not only reform them, but secure their perpetual esteem and affection for you.

We have beheld the end of Rachel, the wife of Jacob; but unhappily for mankind, her posterity did not die with her. There are Rachel's still alive in every part of the world. While one cries out give me children, or else I die—there are hundreds of her descendants, who cry out give me no more children, or else I die. Nor is this all—how many wives do we find, who urge their requests to their husbands, with the same powerful, and, as they suppose, distressing argument.

Give me, says one, a new house, or else I die—give me, says a second, another house wench, or else I die—give me, says a third, a weekly rout, or else I die—Give me, says a fourth a trip to the Virginia springs, or else I die—Give me, says a fifth, a winter in New-York or Philadelphia, or else I die—Give me, says a sixth, a service of plate, or else I die—Give me says a seventh, a set of china, or else I die—Give me, says an eighth, a new silk gown, or else I die—Give me, says a ninth—But I forbear, for the day would fail me, should I attempt to enumerate all the instances of female folly and extravagance, which display themselves in conjugal and domestic life.

I shall conclude with one remark, which I hope will be profitable to the ladies, who compose a part of my audience,—and that is, that this kind of petulance never fails to cool the affections of husbands. Of this we have a striking proof in the conduct of Jacob: we read, that his wife died on her journey with him to Ephrath. But we read of no marks of respect paid to her memory, by a splendid or even a decent funeral. We do not find that Jacob secluded himself, even for a single day, from his ordinary pursuits, in order to mourn over her. We only read that he placed a pillar of stone over her grave—probably to prevent her rising from her grave, to tease him with her ill-humor—and hence probably, may be derived, the origin of tombstones.

CIBBER.

THIS strange eccentric wag, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his own and his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, “ad rot it,” cried one, “how that man squints.” “Why damn me,” says the second, “here be another squinting fellow.” The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went on in a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but during supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called to the waiter—“Here you fellow, take out my teeth.” “Teeth sir!” “Ay, teeth sir, Unscrew that wire, and you’ll find them all come out together.” After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, “Here you, take out my eye.” “How sir,” said the waiter, “your eye!” “Yes, my eye; come here you stupid dog, pull out that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible.” This done, a third cried out, “Here, you rascal—take off my leg.” This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also perceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watching his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying with a rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, laying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, “Come here, sir, take off my head.” Turning round and seeing the man’s head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room; and after tumbling

headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALE CHARACTERS.

PYTHUS, king of the Lydians, to an avaricious, selfish, and sordid principle, added an inhuman severity towards his subjects, whom he constantly employed in the most laborious and useless occupation, that of obliging them to work in the gold and silver mines, with which his dominions abounded. His subjects one day took the advantage of his absence, and fell on their knees to his queen, beseeching her to use her interest to release them, in some measure, from their present horrid state of slavery. She sent them away satisfied with her assurances to do every thing for them that lay in her power. Being anxious to perform her promise, she thought of a very extraordinary expedient to make her husband sensible of the injustice of his ridiculous and ruinous conduct. On his return, she ordered a repast to be served up, magnificent indeed in appearance, but which was no repast at all, since it consisted only of gold and silver in the form of various kinds of eatables.

See (said the queen) the only productions you suffer your subjects to prepare for you. The prince who then happened to be hungry, finding nothing among all those pretended delicacies of which he could make a meal, became sensible of his error, acknowledged that gold and silver were nothing more than mere ornaments; and that to neglect the cultivation of his lands as he had done, by employing his subjects in his mines, was distressing his people, and ruining his country. He therefore assumed a different conduct, by giving proper encouragement to agriculture and the arts of husbandry.

Thus the wisdom of a woman saved a nation from ruin, and rescued thousands of useful subjects from the most abject slavery, for which she lived revered and died universally lamented.

The other illustrious lady was the wife of the immortal Grotious. This great man, being condemned to perpe-

tual imprisonment, was shut up in the castle of Louvesteen. After he had suffered the most rigorous treatment for more than a year and a half, his wife observed that the guards did not visit him so frequently as usual, and were less careful in examining the box in which the foul linen was sent out to be washed: Having advised her husband to get into the box, she bored holes opposite the place where his head lay, in order to supply him with fresh air to breathe. This stratagem succeeded, and in this manner he was carried to Gorcum, where he was received at the house of a friend, and from thence went to Anvers in the disguise of a journeyman carpenter. The wife, in order to give her husband time to escape, and put it out of the power of his enemies to pursue him, pretended that he was very ill; but as soon as she thought him to be safely out of their reach, she bantered the guards for the little care they had taken of their prisoner, and told them that the bird was fled, and that nothing but the nest remained. They then proceeded criminally against her, and the judges condemned her to remain in prison for life instead of her husband; but afterwards, by a plurality of voices, she was set at liberty, and extolled by every one, for having procured liberty for her husband in so ingenious a manner.

ANECDOTES.

FRANKLIN used to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the tour to Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.—“Every thing, massa, work in this country, water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] man work, bullock work, horse work, ass work: every thing work here but the hog! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the hog be the only gentleman in England.”

A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an early hour told him as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold.—It might be so, said the son, but he that lost it was up before him.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 20, 1864.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 46 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 15—apoplexy 1—convulsions 2—debility 1—diarrhoea 2—dropsy 2—dysentery 2—nervous fever 1—typhus fever 2—flux 4—hives 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—intemperance 1—old age 1—small pox 1—sprue 2—sudden death 3—teething 1—ulcers 2—whooping cough 1.—

Of the above 15 were men—14 women, 13 boys, and 4 girls.

Of the whole number 7 were of and under the age of one year—6 between 1 and 2—1 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—5 between 10 and 20—9 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—4 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—2 between 70 and 80.

* One of those dropt down dead while sitting at dinner—the second, who went to bed well, was found dead in the morning, and the third expired after an illness of a very few hours.

The following melancholy affair happened not long since in Laurens district—to some people of the name of Weston:—

One of them being engaged in the business of digging a well, which was sunk to the depth of thirty-five feet, on descending about half way down, complained that he felt very sick, took off his hat and fanned himself some time, and then attempted to return; but before he arrived at the top of the well his strength failed, and he fell to the bottom. A younger brother, about twelve or fourteen years of age, desired to be let down immediately in the bucket, to try to save his brother; which being incautiously granted, he remained at the bottom, helpless with the first. A third came, and went down with the same imprudence; but making signs of distress, he was immediately hauled up. As he came to the top of the well, he would have shared the fate of his other two brothers had it not been for the by-

standers, who caught him as he was falling out of the bucket. A fourth went down, but with some more caution, being tied to the bucket; when down, he placed the body of his younger brother so as to bring it up, although he appeared in the same state himself, and could not be brought to for many hours. The third came to himself in about half an hour, and said his younger brother was alive when he went to the bottom of the well. The fifth now came, (a married man of about thirty) who having tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and fastened himself in the bucket, descended and brought up the other bodies.

(*Charleston Paper.*)

The manufacture of salt in New-London, (Conn.) by evaporation and crystallization by the heat of the sun and frost, we are happy to learn greatly succeeds and flourishes. It is conducted by Mr. Fennell, the celebrated comedian, for the benefit of himself and the holders of shares, which during the present season, we understand, have appreciated from 25 to 30 dollars each.

Charleston Theatre opens early in November: the Charleston papers give the following list of performers who compose the theatrical corps of that city. Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Placide, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. T. Marshall, Mr. Story, Mr. Dykes, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Villiers, Mr. M. Sully, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Lyman, Mrs. G. Marshall, Miss Field and Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull.

Mr. Chalmers the comedian, who has appeared on most of the American stages, returned from a transatlantic expedition, on Saturday last in the Fanny, from Greenock, and has proceeded to Boston.

A writer in the New-Bedford Courier has given notice of an intention to undertake to show, that the Kine Pock will have a tendency to prevent the prevalence of the Yellow Fever.

RIOT.

A most daring and outrageous riot took place at Elkton races in the week before last. About 40 Irishmen, lately from the kingdom, who are employed in digging the cross cut canal, broke off from their work the morning of the race, and, armed with shelalahs, proceeded to the race ground, where they paraded in a menacing and insolent manner, evidently with a view to attract notice or provoke irritation. It at length, broke out in an attack on the stall of a free negro, which they entirely demolished, and beat some of the negroes in a most cruel manner.—

On the most strict enquiry, no greater provocation could be discovered to have been given than one of the negro men, on one of the Irishmen saying he would whip him, replied, perhaps he was not able: On that instant he was knocked down by blows from several of them. The negroes fled to the village, begging protection from the white people. The rioters pursued them, swearing that they would kill and destroy every negro in Elkton. Several of the gentlemen who have been on the race ground endeavored to quiet the rioters and save the negroes; but all to no purpose. They attacked the gentlemen, who had no other defensive weapons than their whips, and many got severely cut and bruized. A magistrate of the county, who attempted to do his duty, was knocked down and severely beat. One of the rioters had his skull fractured (by a blow aimed at one of the gentlemen) of which he died in a few hours. Several of the rioters were severely beat and cut with the whips, and some of them were said to be rode down. Some of them have since died.

It is said in their approach to the race ground they made their brags that they could whip double their number of Americans.

AN USEFUL PASTE.

To stop holes in iron culinary utensils—invented by Kastejln.

Take six parts of yellow potter's clay, add one part of steel filings, and a sufficient quantity of linseed oil, and make the paste of the consistence of glazier's putty, with which the holes are to be filled.



Married,

On the 7th. inst. Mr. Richard Crooker, Printer, to Miss Margaret Hallowell, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Thomas Redmond, of this city to Miss Julia Howell, of Newburgh.

At Lebanon, Mr. David Jefson, merchant of N. York, to Miss Mary Colfax, of New Lebanon.

At Hartford, on the morning of the 2d inst. Mr. George T. Phillips, of this city, merchant, to Miss Emily Stillman, of Hartford.



Died,

On Monday evening, Mr. Anthony Carroll, a respectable merchant of this city.

On Wednesday. Mr. Jacob Buffelree, one of the branch Pilots of this port.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Hester Hodge, wife of R. Hodge, inspector of the customs.

At Annapolis, Gen. John Haskins Stone, late Governor of the State of Maryland. At the commencement of the American war, he acted as first captain in the celebrated regiment of Smallwood: and afterwards highly distinguished himself at the battles of Long-Island, White Plains, and Princeton: at the battle of Germantown he received a wound that deprived him of activity for the remainder of his life. On Saturday the 6th inst. he was interred at Annapolis with military honors.

Lately in Germany Tagek Taltier, aged 120: He had buried ten wives, his last, the eleventh, who is now living, is but twenty-six years of age. By her, he had 5 children, the youngest is five months old;—by his other wives, he had 31 children, all of whom are living, married, and have large families. His memory was retentive; he could recount a very succinct history of Germany and Europe generally, for more than 100 years past, and was ve-

ry loquacious and witty. He never experienced any kind of sickness, was of large stature, and voracious appetite, and very athletic. He came to his death by attempting to leap over a gate eight feet high; he passed it, but unfortunately fell upon a stone, which wounded his head so severely as to occasion a mortification and his death.

Theatre.

The Public are respectfully informed that the THEATRE will open on Monday, the 22d inst. when will be presented, the celebrated comedy of the **Clandestine Marriage.**

To which will be added, a Farce called, **Ways & Means.**

BURTIS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.—A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of his instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he proposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEXELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

NO. 417,

PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

SAMUEL MOOR'S

Evening Tuition for Young Ladies, will commence on the 15th inst. For particulars apply as above.

NO. 90.

CHAMBER-STREET, NEW-YORK.

A. PICKET'S Evening Tuition for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, will commence the 15th inst.... For particulars apply as above.

N. B. A separate apartment is provided for Young Ladies, their tuition will be under the immediate direction of A. P.

ROOMS TO LET, IN BROAD-WAY.

The upper part of the house No. 112, nearly opposite the City-Hotel—also the Store below, either separate or together. Apply on the premises.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are renewed fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

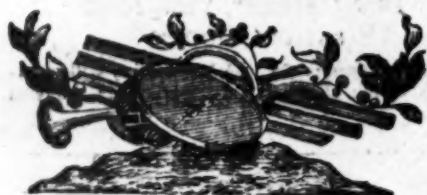
UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

Tickets in whole, halves, quarters, and eighths, in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature No. III. for sale by

JOHN TIEBOUT No. 144, Water Street

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.



[FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.]

A FRAGMENT.

LOWERING clouds obscure the sky,
Around the forked lightnings fly—
Hark, the rumbling thunders roar,
And foamy surges lash the shore :

Poor, hapless ETHELIND heeds not the shower,
For her misfortune marks each passing hour—
Along the sea-girt shore she strays alone,
And to the wild winds makes her moan !

The rain falls fast on her defenceless form,
Nor will she seek a shelter from the storm ;
She cries, " Let lightnings flash, let thunders roll,
" What are they to the tempests of the soul !

" Blow harder—blow ye blasts of wind,
" You harm not wretched ETHELIND—
" Ye cool the fever of her breast,
" But can you give that bosom rest ?

" No—Soon this pulse will cease to beat,
" Soon this heart will lose its heat—
" To the grave, by misery driven,
" O Father ! take my soul to Heaven !"

LAURA.

THE GAMESTER.

AH ! what is he whose haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning ray ?
Who trembling would, but cannot fly
From man and from the busy day ?
Mark how his lip is fever'd o'er,
Behold his cheek how deathly it appears !
See how his blood-shot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears !

Now watch the varying gesture, wild,
See how his tortured bosom heaves !
Behold, Misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves.
Despised, derested, rained, lost !
His fortune, health, and reputation flown ;
On misery's stormy ocean tost,
Condemn'd to curse his fate ; and curse alone !

Once were his prospects bright and gay,
And independence blest his hours :
His was the smooth and sunny way,
Where Pleasure tip-toe scatter'd flowers.
Love bound his brow with thornless sweets,
And smiling friendship fill'd his cup with joy ;
Now not a friend the victim meets,
For like a wolf he wanders to destroy.

All day upon a couch of thorn
His weary fev'rish limbs recline ;
All night distracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the hateful shrine !
Eager to seize, with grasping hands,
The slender pittance of the easy fool ;
He binds himself with caitiff bands,
And learns the lessons of the Gamester's school.

One hour elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled with the shining store !
In plenitude of joys, behold
The Prodigal display his store !
The next in poverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorseless rage lurk round the gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour !
While recent suicide attends ;
And madness, with impetuous power,
The scene of desolation ends !
Upon his grave no parent mourns,
No widow'd love laments with graceful woe ;
No dawn of joy for him returns—
For Heaven denies that peace his frenzy lost below.

SONG.

[BY MRS. ROWSON.]

FRAGILE sweets, how frail ye are,
Snow-drop pale, and violet blue ;
Beauty, tho' so heav'nly fair
And sweet, may be compar'd with you :
In the early spring ye bloom,
Making April's mantle gay,
But robb'd of beauty and perfume,
Fade upon the robe of May.

Lovely Rose, who, queen of flow'rs,
Spring and summer both adorn ;
Hanging, tempting, round our bowers,
Hiding 'neath thy charms a thorn.
So the joys of youth appear,
Tempting to the distant view :
Who to gather them draws near,
Finds they hide a thorn like you.

Myrtle beauteous evergreen,
Fair thy blossoms to the view,
Pure as snow drops are they seen,
Fragrant as the musk-rose too.
Friendship's emblem thou shalt be,
In thy simple charms array'd,
Cheer'd by sun-shine, lovely tree,
Frost alone can make thee fade.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Banker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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